was doing a double. That meant that I'd started at 4 that afternoon - Gladys's shift - and wouldn't finish till 8 tomorrow morning.

By shift change at six o'clock his knees were usually bothering him. He'd lean back in his chair beside the computer. If it was summer, I'd look up his thigh between the cuff of his shorts and the hem of his briefs. I wasn't supposed to. If it was winter I'd wait for him to change into his boots and leave his runners on the fake hearth in front of our fake fireplace. I'd pick up one, still warm from his foot, the left foot without the big toe. I wasn't supposed to do this either, but I'd sniff at it, curious to know what, in this House of dirty feet, his feet smelled like. They smelled like "Irish Spring."

Tonight Adam sat down at the little round table where the manager counted the cigarette money. He moved his chair a little closer to the door, so he could stretch out his long legs and put his size 12 feet up on the photocopier while he gave me shift change. He ran down the list of twenty names tacked to the bulletin board beside the door.

I think the only news was Pierre. He wasn't doing very well. He hadn't come downstairs for breakfast, lunch, or supper. In fact he hadn't come out of his room all day. Adam mentioned the minutes I'd done of our meeting with his team. He said they were fine except for one mistake. I'd attributed the manager's suggestion that Pierre be given